NEW YORK STATE MILITARY MUSEUM

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK

INTERVIEW - PATRICK FINNEGAN

MARCH 28, 2003

MALE VOICE: This is an interview with Patrick Finnegan, New York State Military Museum, Saratoga Springs, New York, March 28th, 2003, approximately 9:40 a.m. The interviewers are Mike Russert (phonetic) and Wayne Clark.

Could you give me your full name, date of birth, and place of birth, please?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: Patrick Joseph Finnegan, November 23rd, 1947, St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn.

MALE VOICE: Okay. Prior to entering military service, what was your educational background?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: High school. Bailey High School. I had 16 credits (inaudible).

MALE VOICE: Okay.

PATRICK FINNEGAN: High school was just something to get out of the way so I could get into the military.

MALE VOICE: Did you enlist or were you --

PATRICK FINNEGAN: Oh, yes.

MALE VOICE: Why did you enlist?

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PATRICK FINNEGAN: I had never thought about doing anything else. From earliest that's all I wanted to be, was a soldier. My original game plan was to be a Marine. I had an uncle (inaudible) my father's brother, and he had been a Marine in Guadalcanal. He wasn't a (inaudible). He was a mechanic (inaudible) I guess it was, and I don't know. I just always -- I think I liked the uniform. I liked (inaudible) defending my country, and my older brother, not my oldest, but older, he was in the Army. He was on his way to being a career officer at that time, but he was already an officer. He was up at Fort Greeley, Alaska doing weapons testing, and he came home on leave in June of '66, already assigned to the 101st, and (inaudible) and that was more impressive than a Marine uniform, so that's when I decided I was going to be a paratrooper. (Inaudible) enlisted, and asked the recruiter if he thought there was any chance I could be an airborne infantry. I guess he laughed to himself, but he said, "Well, I think don't it would be a

problem."

MALE VOICE: When did you enlist?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: I went in the 1st of August 1966.

MALE VOICE: You want to tell us where were you inducted and where you received your basic?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn when I went into the service, and I hoped I would have gone to Fort Dix, but they shipped us to Fort Jackson. Was there a Fort Jackson? For three days of, you know, whatever it was. Then I was in Fort Gordon, Georgia for basic. I was qualified -- I qualified for OCS, and I was going to be an officer there, so I signed up for OCS Infantry, and we were told I was going to be at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and the AIT of it, I mean most of the infantry would have been at -- the OCS would have been at Benning, but I guess even that early in '66, they realized they were going through a lot of junior lieutenants, and they were jumping the gun a little bit, and they had started this

program of where you're AIP, everybody in my AIP eventually where I wound up, we were all OCS candidates. We were all guys that were planning on going to OCS, not necessarily all infantry.

So we got a two-week leave to go home, and I said "I'm going to Fort Dix," and I'm home about three days, and I get a telegram, and they tell me my leave's been cut in half, and I got to be in Alabama Saturday, so I wound up taking the AIP at Fort McClellan, Alabama. We were like only the third AI -- Fort McClellan was mainly a WAC center -- WAC nursing I believe, and we were like the only -- we were like the third AIP class to go through there. Guys were falling into a (inaudible) course. They were still ironing out their problems.

Actually, I showed up, there was an airplane strike at the time, and I hooked up with some guys that I met when we first went in. We all went in through Fort Benning, and we did basic together, and we all took a train down. We got there early, and they grant us -- they grant the first 15 people that showed up for this class, this AIT, and put us in an LPC, Leadership Preparation Course, and that was a two-

week thing, and then they turned us into the training cadre with the AIP. I don't know if they called us students, you know, the student platoon leaders, student squad leaders. They were company commanders, things like that.

I graduated AIT. In that time my brother was severely wounded and -- when I was in AIT.

MALE VOICE: He was in Vietnam?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: He was already in Vietnam. He was a first lieutenant. I don't remember if it was B Company or C Company, Second 327th First Brigade of the 101st Airborne, and they were on patrol and they got ambushed, and he jumped to the side, and you know, just like the Vietnamese had planned it for them, and he landed right on a (inaudible), and an infected one, and he got really -- it did some nasty damage internally to him.

I just dropped a picture off downstairs. There was -- it was taken in Tui Wah (phonetic) The First Brigade used to be south. They worked south, and then I guess all those years in Vietnam, they eventually worked their way north to where they wound up (inaudible) near the DMZ, and (inaudible) down south, and this was taken in August of '66, and you can

see he's a fairly robust looking guy, and that picture of him with the helmet, you know, how did this guy get in the service? You know, he looks likes he -- he doesn't like the service -- should have been in the service, let alone the Airborne, so that was a -- that's why I brought that picture to show what the -- so anyway, I was -- I'm not a picture person. I never have been, and at 55 I doubt I'm ever going to be, and I had to get to Vietnam. I had to.

So I dropped out of the OCS program and tried to get my Airborne back, and I got it back. I didn't know if I would get it back because, one, you had to sign all these waivers of all your enlistment promises once you signed up for the OCS program, but you know, they gave it back to me. They needed paratroopers, and as it was, the way I went into jump school, I missed zero week, which was -- well, I really didn't miss it. I just wasn't assigned anything. I just showed up to Benning, and nobody really knew I was there, and so I just -- I had learned how to skate pretty early in the Army, and I just didn't show up for formations and hid on top of -- I wasn't doing police calls or KP or any of that crap. If you're going to fight a war, let me fight the war, you

know.

So I finished jump school, and that's -- talking about the 173rd, they had just -- they just jumped in Iraq. I was at jump school in February, March '67. They had just jumped in Vietnam at the start of, I believe it was called Junction City, that operation. So that was a big -- you know, everybody was -- I mean, getting your jump wings was one thing. Getting that little gold star that went on the jump wings for a top guy jump, that was the cherry on the sundae.

You know, people say, "How could you jump out of a plane?" I tell them, and I'm saying it here now, there's nothing to it. All you had to do was sign your name on that piece of paper saying you were willing to go, and the Army took care of the rest of it.

All you had to do was stay -- I think our number was 8347 in jump school, and you were never referred to by name. You were that letter and that number. That's all you were, and as long as I'd stay behind 8346 there was no problem. They would take care of the rest. Then it's just peer pressure. You don't want to be the guy that drops out.

You know, you don't want to be the guy that drops out. You don't want to be the guy that, you know, starts crying like a little girl when you have to go off of a 250 foot tower. You don't want to be the guy that ain't going to go out the 34 foot tower, and you damn sure you don't want to be the guy that chokes when they open up the door and the stick starts going out, but at that point most everybody's puking. You can't wait to get out anyway, you know. Everybody's slipping and sliding and -- I mean, they're not comfortable rides. They do that I guess to weed you out, to see who's got a -- you know, they do the contour flying.

They're going to stay, you know, at 15 -- say 2,000 feet above whatever's below, and if the ground line's at 500, they go up 500. If it drops 300, they drop 300. They go to the drop zone, and they go from that 2,000 or whatever they go up to the 1,500 or the 1,250. 1,250 I think it was, and it's like this, you know. Your stomach's still 400 feet above you. Then they open the door and out you go. Then it was hard. I jumped at Bragg when I got assigned to the 82nd. That was like a beach. Benning was like that Georgia clay. You hit hard. So that's -- we're up to there.

MALE VOICE: What kind of specialized training did you have?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: (Inaudible). Like I said, there's AIT, even though some of us weren't going to Infantry OCS, it was all Infantry AIT. It was -- we were -- our AIT we were -- the emphasis was more on being a platoon leader than being a member of a platoon. There was certainly aspect of it because you were only in the service a couple -- a few months, but we all got 11B's out of there.

Some of them went off to Fort Bellmore or Fort Lee for supply, and some went out to Knox for armor, and some went to -- I don't know where it would have been for artillery, Hood maybe or something. I don't know, but anyway I was trained 11B.

I went to Catholic grammar schools, and they were constantly -- and Catholic high school, and they were -- well, for the first two years. The Catholics took tests, you know, these -- now they call them (inaudible) tests. Well, I don't know what they called them when we took them, but I was very -- I did good at that stuff. I was very good at that.

I could have done better in high school, but like I said, that's just something to get out of the way, and we weren't raised -- you know, that has a lot to do with it. I don't know if there's many kids that naturally grow up and say to themselves, "You know, I really like school. I think I'll just keep going." I think it's how your parents condition you, and we were not conditioned for college. My father made it through eighth grade. His father made it through sixth grade. You know, you get and you work. That's what you do, and so I wasn't even thinking about going to college, but I did good on those tests. I had a very high GT score and a 144 I tested I think. It didn't mean anything to me, but it meant a lot to them, the Army so when I got out of jump school -- because I've been asking for the 101st First Brigade every -- I don't know how many times.

Whenever they asked you, "What do you want to do?" that's what I told them. I want to be in the infantry in the First Brigade in the 101st in RVN.

That's where I want to go, and that's all I ever answered whenever it was asked, and of course, out of jump school they assigned me to Fort Bragg, and I call home and I'm crying on

the phone because I can't go to the war, and you know, I figured my mom pulled -- did something because my brother's there, and she ain't going to have both of us here. She don't know what I'm talking about, you know. She never had anything to do with it.

So I get to Bragg and got into the (inaudible) there. The 82nd Airborne at that time, well, it was in transition. It started to change, but at that time it was still pure Airborne. Everybody in the 100 -- in the 82nd was Airborne. I think the 101st was the first one to stop being pure Airborne, but all the cooks in the 82nd were Airborne. All the clerks in the 82nd were Airborne. Everybody in the 82nd was jump qualified. They didn't seem to get enough people that came out of -- that enlisted to go to Benjamin Harris and to be personnel clerks or finance clerks or company clerks. They didn't get a lot of that, that then went on to jump school. So they canvassed the scores and they pulled people basically that were 110, 18's or better and turned us into clerks, and people who had the highest GT's they turned us into finance clerks. They figured, you know, it was a GT score. It was basically a literacy and a

math ability test, and they figured we could, you know, do that job, you know. It was just addition, subtraction, and multiplication. There was no -- I don't even remember. It was algebra I expect too.

So I got turned into to a finance clerk, which I did not want to be, but didn't want anything to do with that. Then I got promoted, so that turned my 11B into my secondary. You know, after a while -- first I got just a clerk/typist on the list, 781P, and then I -- then that became my primary and my 11B became my secondary.

Then I got promoted finally to PFC, and that made me a 73C2P I think or maybe a 1P. I don't remember, and made my 78 my secondary, and I thought my 11B dropped off, but I'm still trying to get to Vietnam, and without much success, and then I got in trouble.

Then I -- I don't know if I want to go into that too much. Actually I don't, but I stayed there at Bragg. I got there in March of '67, and I went from being a finance clerk to being a -- I came back into the 82nd Admin Company, and I was a supply clerk, and they started me as a supply clerk, and I could do that, so they moved me to operations

clerk. I could do that. Then they turned me into a company clerk. I was the company clerk. I was the Radar O'Reilly at the 82nd Airborne Division. The general was on my morning report. The staff judge advocate was on my morning report. The division surgeon was on my morning report. I had 700 people on my morning report, and which -- I didn't mind that. I mean, now I'm getting used to being a clerk and being in the States and going home when I can and seeing my girlfriend, and also these guys are coming back from Vietnam.

Guys are coming back from the 101st. Guys that are coming back from the 173rd. Guys that are coming back from the Airborne Battalions that are the first (inaudible), and I'm hanging out with these guys, and partying with these guys, and they're telling a whole different story than what the training guy is telling me, and so little by little my gung-ho was --

MALE VOICE: What ways was it different?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: Well, what they told us in training was bullshit. You know, this is -- these people do not want us there. That's it. You know, you find -- you're

going to find yourself in a situation where you got to shoot everybody because you don't know who's the good guy and who's the bad guys, and you know, there was no winning of hearts and minds. There is no -- if you think that you -- and they had trouble perceiving a threat to America, which I remember in high school when I'm telling people I'm going to the service, "Why you going to do that?" "Well, you got to do it. You got to fight these communists. If we don't fight them there, we're going to be fighting them on the shores here."

The Vietnamese, they started their invasion. They ain't got here yet. You know, most of their sampans probably sunk before they got past Hawaii. You know, they were just -- and I'm -- these are guys -- these guys were grunts. They came back. These were guys that went over out of jump school. That's when they, you know, you're 18 out of jump school, 19. You're out of jump school, you're invincible. You're at the peak of your killer potential. Marines, they don't mean anything. What is a Marine? A bunch of faggots. Everybody knows that. It ought to take ten of them to deal with one of us, and you're -- that's when they went over, and

if I had gone over that -- when I was like that, I don't know how it would have wound out, but you know, they saw what they saw, and these are guys from Dokto (phonetic). These are guys from Idrang (phonetic). I knew Idrang people. I knew Dokto people. I knew Carmen, the crispy critter people. You know, you had the guys with their ear collections, and you had the whole spectrum, but you had a lot of guys that really questioned, you know, well, what's going on here? What are we doing? Was it worth it? I guess is what it's boiled down to.

Interviewed with the guys who were over in Iraq the other day, and the one guy said, and you can't say it better, you enlist for your country. You fight for your friends. You wind up fighting for the guy that's next to you. He's going to be fighting for you, and you know, the guy on the other side of you, a lot of that, you know, grab the flag and charge into the battle stuff, goes away as soon as the battle starts.

So anyway, I had a really good first sergeant, a guy by the name of Fammy (phonetic). I don't remember his first name. First Sergeant Fammy, and he left. He was my

first sergeant when I was company clerk. He left and went to -- I want to say 46 Special Forces though. I don't know why I want to say that, but I think that's what it was. It wasn't like Seventh Group or Third Group or whatever it was. It was like a sub thing within Special Forces. He went to Thailand, and that was another thing. When I was a finance clerk, Special Warfare assignment was there, but I also -- we would get guys assigned to our units that we were doing the paperwork on in the 82nd. Out of one of the Special Forces groups, get them assigned to us, and then they would get discharged from the Army for months. Then two, three months later, they would come back to us. Then after a little while go back to Special Forces. Well, I don't know what they did in between, but that stuff happened, you know, some sort of -- they went off and did whatever they did. The paper trail showed they weren't Special Forces. Whatever they were doing, they were doing.

Anyway, Sergeant Fammy, he went off to Thailand, and then I got this other first sergeant, and I don't remember his name. I don't want to remember it, and I was just having a lot of trouble with him -- a lot, a lot, a lot

of trouble, and I'm going to wind up in Levenworth if I stay here. So my brother -- I called my brother, and he knew a guy that he had been (inaudible) in some of those letter dropped off about my brother after he got killed from this Lieutenant Colonel Rafferty at the time my brother got killed, but he was a major at the time. Anyway, he was up in the Pentagon, and he was something to do with assigning E6's or below, and he says in the letter -- he sent a letter to my parents -- he said he remembered trying to help me get a reassignment. He didn't remember the particulars, and didn't know if it worked, but all this other bull, you know, I get a TWX come down, and I'm off to Vietnam, but I'm my own company clerk.

So I wanted 45 days leave, and that's what I took, you know. It really was -- I don't know if you guys bounced around the orderly rooms much, but it really was, maybe not exactly, but it was a lot like "MASH" with Radar O'Reilly, and the company commander, all he cared about was that the papers you put in front of him were in order, and when he signed his name he was a happy man as long as you weren't selling the drugs out from under him or something like that,

you know.

So I get myself a 45 day leave, and off I go, and then I get to Vietnam. I don't remember exactly when. It was a lonely time. It was in between Christmas and New Year's of '68. I would say maybe about the 29th or the 30th I hit Vietnam, and I'm -- like I said my MOS's have been bounced down, and I'm going over it. It's a 73C2P, and this is great. I don't want anything to do with that infantry stuff, not from what I'm hearing. Who wants that crap? Put me somewhere in the, you know, four levels down in a nice air conditioned office in Saigon, and I'll push your papers and finish up my time and go home.

I landed in Lockben (phonetic) and -- I guess I didn't land in Lockben, but that was the base camp that went with whatever airport was with Lockben, and they put us in this truck, this bus, and it's got the wire mesh all over windows. I don't know, you know, what is this for? So grenades can't come in, and this and that? The first impression, I'm not going to be able to breathe in this place. The humidity, the heat it was -- this is not -- this ain't normal, and how am I supposed to last a year here?

Then we drive from Lockben to the 90th -- I think that's what it was -- 90th Repo Depo in Lockben. I forget where we were driving from to that, and I'm noticing the Vietnamese, and they -- nobody's waving flags, you know, hey, here's all the liberators. You know, they don't look happy to see another bus load of GI's coming into their country. That stuck in my brain, and so I get there. I'm still open. You know, 73C2B, you know, let me (inaudible) some place, please. Boom, 173rd they give me. 173rd Airborne. Oh, man. I don't want this. I don't know where it is or what they're doing. I don't want to be a finance clerk in the 173rd. I don't want anything to do with that stuff anymore, and I get up to the 173rd.

Their base camp was in Onkay (phonetic) at the time, and I'm coming through, and lo and behold, they need a company clerk for -- to run the Admin Company for the 173rd Airborne Brigade. They don't know where he's going to come from. Well, here he is. Here I am, and there was a full sergeant. So I figured -- and there was a first sergeant there, a guy of some renown, Machine Gun Bryant they called him. I think it was a name he got from the Korean War. He

was an elder guy -- older guy -- older Black guy. I don't think he got it from Vietnam. He don't look like he'd been out on the field recently, and he wanted me. I told him, you know, I did the 82nd admin at Bragg. I can do you. You ain't got -- your people aren't even going anywhere like these guys were hopping all over the place, you know. This is light duty.

Well, he really wanted me, but then there was this warrant officer in personnel who knew all about the trouble I had got in back at Bragg, and he said, "There's no way this guy is" meaning me, "is getting anywhere near any paperwork. He's going to the field." I said, "I can't go in the field. I don't even have a (inaudible) OS anymore." It's over two years. I wasn't even trained with a 16. I never even had a 16. "I was trained with a 14, what do you mean I'm going to the field?" and I went to the IG, and who turned out to be another guy, at that time it was Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert, who -- he was the IG in the 173rd when I got there in January of '69.

He went on to be the Second Battalion commander, and there's whole -- how I thought of it and a lot of us

thought that there are lifers and there are career soldiers, and Machine Gun Bryant wasn't a lifer. He was a career guy, and Herbert wasn't a lifer. He was a career guy. The first time guy I was getting away from at Bragg, he was a lifer, and Herbert's driver there at the IG was a guy by the name of Clark who had done a tour with my brother. He was out of Texas, done a tour with my brother back in '66 or '67, who had come to Bragg and then gone back to Vietnam, and I knew him at Bragg, and the Airborne kind of went back and forth to the same places, and if you were in that -- if you were in that paperwork world, you're going to bounce into the same people, and he was another guy I ran into who knew my brother. I ran into a lot of guys that knew my brother, and it certainly helped me. It never hurt me.

My brother had a good conduct medal. He had over three years an enlisted man before he went to OCS, and he never lost sight of that. He -- you know, he was actually more comfortable I think with the enlisted men than with the officers. He didn't like West Point too much at all. I don't know if this is true, and if it is I don't know. if they'd ever admit it. He swore they had a code that they

tapped out with West Point ranks, and him not being a West Pointer, he wasn't like in that inner loop, and didn't know their code, didn't want to know it, but anyway Herbert said (inaudible) you're going to the field.

Okay. I guess I'm going to the field, and so they shipped me up to where the First Battalion was, Elsie Uplift (phonetic) about ten miles south of this place called Bonsai right on the coast in the northern part of Bitbin (phonetic) Province in northern Takor (phonetic), but I don't know that this is where it is then. I have no idea where it is. That stuff I just told you I pieced together years later. As far as I was concerned, I was very (inaudible). I think a lot of us were. You know, nobody bothers telling you where you are. I'm a private. I've been in two and a half years now. The highest I've gotten is PFC, and I hit Vietnam as an E1, so that's, you know, I'm an E1 over 2.

Technically, as soon as you hit country you were an E2, but whenever they asked me, "What's your rank?" I told them E1 because I know one of two things is going to happen. Most often the best, from my point of view is going to happen, they're going to say to themselves, "Here's an E1

over 2. I don't need this aggravation. We're just going to leave him alone, and you know, we'll get him out of here as soon as we can." So that's what I did.

So anyway, I get there and I'm talking to a supply clerk who was outfitting me and you know, we figure out what type of people we are, and he tells me, "You definitely want the Third Platoon." Okay. Stick that on the back of my thing and see what happens. So we're out there, and I can't believe what they expected me to carry. I can't believe what they put on my back, and I don't know that I got more coming, but I can't believe what I already got, and I told the sergeant I guess it was -- no, the first sergeant. I don't remember his name. There was a lot of lifers there. I don't remember his name. He comes and tells me I'm assigned to the First Platoon. The supply clerk tells me I want the Third Platoon.

Well, I get on a helicopter, and they take me out to this even smaller place called (Inaudible). I don't know where I was. That was farther inland. Now we're getting into the mountains. (Inaudible) was kind of in the foothills of the central islands (inaudible) up in them, and I don't

know where it is. Still don't know where it was. I never saw it on a map. I had no idea what it was.

I stepped off with Tony. I'm the only FNG guy coming in -- the only FNG coming in, but not a cherry. You know, I got two and a half years in now, folks. I'm not fresh out of jump school or, you know, it ain't my first time around the block, but there's no way around not being an FNG, and the platoon sergeant comes up to me and asks -- he asked me -- the guy that -- the company, whatever it was, a field sergeant, he looks at the first sergeant who's at the rear. He was never in the field, so I don't know what this guy's title was that was running the company in the field. He comes up and asks me what platoon I'm assigned to, so that tells me, he's asking, he don't know. My clerk told me Third, first sergeant told me First. They're never going to sort this through. I tell him the Third. He is happy.

We're just talking about -- we had (inaudible) the other day, and (inaudible), and the problem was solved, and the guy at -- once it was solved the guy was happy, and that's what -- I was telling this story to the (inaudible) guys yesterday, this guy, as soon as I told him Third, he's -

- that's one of his problems is solved, and he's off to bigger and better things, and they never had to sort this out and they never did, and it never even came up again.

So he says (inaudible) right over there. This is a dusty place to begin with. A lot of those little fire bases were dusty. All the vegetation (inaudible) long gone. You're down to whatever sort of dirt you got in that part of Vietnam. You either got mud when it's raining or you got dust when it ain't, and I think we had red dust there. I'm not sure, and then the helicopters are coming in and out and everything, you know. It's just -- and here's these guys, you know, the nastiest looking bunch of people. Oh, man. And they're eating food out of their cans with their nasty hands, and nobody's washed, and oh, God. What the hell am I seeing? And then all of a sudden I hear "Hey, Pat, and there's this guy Dewey Lewis, and (inaudible) he ends up getting killed, and I tried to write about this, and I can't convey or get across what it meant to know somebody, to get to that situation.

A lot of -- you know, most of the infantry anyway came in -- some of -- like the First Brigade I guess they

went over when they first went over by boat. The 173rd went out of Hawaii by boat. The First Cav went over by boat. When the units first go, they went in mass units, and you're with everybody you know.

Then once that's done you start coming in one at a time, one, two at a time, whatever, and this -- Dewey -- back when I was a finance clerk at Bragg, there was this -- like think of a secretary pool, and we're all back there, maybe four rows of desks four rows deep, and at each desk is two or three guys doing a battalion or half of a battalion of the 82nd. Up at the front of the whole thing is like one of those bannister railings that you would find in a courtroom, and on the other side of that is the people that are running the show for us back here.

There was a major who was in charge of the financial officer. He was a financial officer. Then there was a lieutenant. He was -- did whatever the lieutenant did there, and there were two staff sergeants, and one EM, and he had this job. He was the Radar O'Reilly of the finance office, and he could either be a good guy or he could be not a good guy. He could make your job easy. For all of us on

the other side he could make that job easy. He could make our job hard. You know, he could be sucking up to the people on that side of the railing or he could be with the guys he had to live in the barracks with, and Dewey, not that he was doing it because he had to live with the guys in the barracks. He did it because that's the way he was. He was a good guy. He made our job easier.

He was another one that enlisted to be a grunt and wound up here, and didn't want to be there. He left on a levee for some Airborne unit -- I don't even know if it was an Airborne unit, but he left for the DMZ in Korea a little bit -- about a year -- I got there in January -- Vietnam in January. Dewey left Bragg in October, November of '67, and there's Dewey Lewis, and you know, Dewey knew the trouble I had got in at Bragg, and you know, among the enlisted guys there's a whole -- there's all different sorts of hierarchies and pecking orders, you know, these guys that get in trouble, guys that don't get in trouble, and you got your reputation or you don't have your reputation, and here's Dewey, and Dewey was a good guy at Bragg. He's a good guy here. Dewey was a good (inaudible). Dewey had only been there about

three months. He got there in October of '68, but Dewey, like I said, he had his shit -- guys who were there, that were there for the whole year, and the day before they left they still don't have their shit together, and Dewey was good. Dewey had his shit together. He was, you know, (inaudible).

Different units ran at different ways. That was a big awakening for me when I came back. I figured every unit did the same things. They didn't. A lot of units, they made everybody walk point. In fact, they put the new guys on (inaudible). You know, no sense wasting one of the older guys when you can waste a new guy.

The unit I -- once there was this company or maybe it was just this platoon of the 173rd (inaudible). If you wanted to walk (inaudible), you let them know when you wanted to walk point. These are your options. You could walk point. You could hump a radio or you could be on the machine gun. Take your pick, and I was not walking point. I knew that much, but I'm getting a little bit ahead of myself here.

So anyway, so here's Dewey. I always got along

with Dewey, and it just, you know, I don't have to explain myself to a lot of people now. I don't have to come up with a whole bunch of bullshit to build up my, you know, Dewey's going to do it for me. I ain't got to do any of it. It was so -- I didn't appreciate it at the time, but you know, years later like I got active in Vietnam veterans stuff as soon as I got back. You hear the different stories. I came to appreciate how much that meant running into Dewey there, and I don't remember much of the rest of that evening. I think I got in just about dusk, a little bit before it got dark. I don't remember much, but I remember we bumped out of this place (inaudible) at, I don't know, I'd say maybe 3:00 in the morning -- 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning. I don't remember. The whole company upped out, headed out, went off to wherever we were going. They were (inaudible) all night, and I remember it was about 10:00 o'clock in the morning, and I don't know what time it was in the morning. It was morning, and I was already -- it was earlier than 10:00. It was already unbearably hot and unbearably humid.

Now, my (inaudible) is killing me and I don't even know what (inaudible) I'm going to get, and we're going up

this little like ravine, and we stop and who knows for what reason. I don't know why we're stopping, but it turned out that we were lost. Okay. This is interesting, and the guys, two guys ahead me, Harry, the machine gunner, (inaudible) want these things.

MALE VOICE: (Inaudible).

PATRICK FINNEGAN: Well, Harry breaks out his lurp (phonetic) bag. He had a lurp bag. We didn't get lurp rations too often. Every now and then we got them. Do I got to explain lurp rations?

MALE VOICE: Someone else is watching this.

PATRICK FINNEGAN: Oh. Well, lurp rations are -- well, now they got the meal ready eats. The lurps were the forerunners of the meal ready eats. They were called lurps because they gave it to the long range reconnaissance patrol teams, and they were in cans and they didn't rattle, and basically they were mostly rice-based meals. They were rice with --

MALE VOICE: Chili with --

PATRICK FINNEGAN: Rice with chili, rice with butter, rice with ham, rice with whatever, you know, and we

didn't get it too often, but they came in this waterproof bag. It was like a water repellant. It was almost like a canvas -- green canvas, and then an inner smooth waterproof seal, and then inside of that was the package, was the meal that was in a cellophane thing, and you added X number, added whatever amount of water you added to it, and you heated it up with the heat tabs or -- which we never got, so guys -- you tore apart -- you tore apart your (inaudible). You tore apart your (inaudible) to get stuff to eat your food because you never could get the heat tabs. Oh, man.

So Harry he breaks out his lurp (phonetic) bag which doesn't have any lurp in it, but it's got a -- it's filled with Vietnamese cannabis, and he stuffs his pipe full and lights it up and passes it down the line, and I said, "Okay. This must be where I'm at today," and that's where I was, and somewhere during the night the company had split up, and I don't even -- now we're in platoons, and mostly that's where we were.

Mostly we worked in -- we'd go over the (inaudible) in the field. Occasionally we would start as a company and then branch off into platoons, but usually we started as

platoons, and occasionally we would come back as a company for resupply day. Like every three, four days they would resupply us, and the standard operation went anywhere from three, four days we'd be out on the field, two, three weeks out in the field, and they would come in resupply us.

So anyway, I opted for the gun. I tried the radio, and that was just -- that was not for me. I tried the radio because it was going to be lighter than carrying ammunition, and I was already, as far as I was concerned, overloaded, but the radio had that big antenna that even when -- no matter what you did with it, it was going to get caught on the stuff we're walking through, plus you're a target, you know.

So I wound up on the gun team, and now they give me 400 -- on top of everything else I got, I got 400 rounds of machine gun ammunition. I got two cans of machine gun ammunition, which I came to understand weighed about 20 pounds each with the can and then the belted ammo. So here's 40 pounds of machine gun ammunition. I don't know what waterway at the time. I just retired from waste water treatment, so I learned the waterways. That's 8.34 pounds per gallon. I'm carrying six quarts of water and wished I

had more. I got 12 -- over 12 pounds of water plus the containers they were in. I got M-16. I got 21 magazines for my M-16. I got three fragmentation grenades. I got two smoke grenades. I got half a clay (inaudible). I either got the clacker or I got the exploder, whatever you called that part of it. I got three or four days worth of rations. I got some -- did I say smoke grenades?

MALE VOICE: (Inaudible).

PATRICK FINNEGAN: I got some flare grenades. I got some flares, pop-up flares. I got a lure, anti -- I don't know why it was called a lure. It was a light anti-tank weapon, so it should have been a LATW, but it was a lure. Okay. I got a machete. I got a lot of stuff, and there's guys carrying more than me. I got a medic in my platoon. You can't see him. All you see is this -- you see legs and hats. That's all you see. You don't see his head. His head is -- he's got packs on top of packs on top of packs, and you can't even see his head.

The guy -- one of the other guys on the gun team with me, Benny Brant from Alabama, he's carrying -- Benny is not running out of ammunition. Benny's carrying over 40

magazines. He's got -- I couldn't believe what we carried. I still can't. I couldn't -- when I had to tell me kid the other day, we were talking about something, talking about this. I talk about it a lot, and I when I got back from Vietnam I weighed 129 pounds, and my pack had to be over 80. I don't know how I did that. I don't know how any of us did that, and guys carried more than that. I don't know how. I don't know how you do it. I don't know how you -- what are your choices? You either do it or you face whatever they say you're going to face if you say you ain't going to do it.

Now, once you're out there doing it you ain't got any options. You got to keep doing it. Anyway, I don't know. Ask me something else.

MALE VOICE: Did you carry this load every single time that you --

PATRICK FINNEGAN: Every time. Every time.

MALE VOICE: What was the purpose of your patrols? Why did you go out there?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: They -- that is the best I can figure. That's what I (inaudible). We were out there as bait. We were out there because somebody had studied

something at West Point, and they wanted a pitch battle. They wanted to Idrang (phonetic) over and over again. They don't want these little piss-ass platoon fire fights. They wanted (inaudible) with the enemy and wipe them out, and we're out there just being the bait. Hopefully our platoon will run into something, and they'll bring in more, an we'll bring in more, and I was at the right break of whatever -- into the pacification. Right at the beginning of the (inaudible) of the war I think. That part of it I'm not really sure.

You know, you got -- the most we ever had out there -- here's another thing. You know, an infantry platoon is 44 people. It's (inaudible). We never had more than 26 people, and usually we were more in the 22, 23, 24 range. You know, we had at one point in time -- we were never -- our company was never up to full strength, and I don't know if any of them ever was, and the 173rd Airborne was supposed, in the Army's mind is one of their elite of the elites. You know, we were just a cut to the bone infantry unit, and we had -- we couldn't get jungle fatigues. All the jungle fatigues (inaudible). Everybody in Korea had the jungle fatigues. We

didn't get jungle fatigues.

Talking about how we -- they had these little blue heat tabs. It looked like blue Alka-Seltzers, and that's what you're supposed to heat -- there's generally two in a pack or four in a pack, like in an aluminum thing, and you're supposed to light them, and that's how you heated your food, all that stuff that they give us in the cans and how you heated your cocoa and your coffee. We didn't drink much coffee. We mostly drank a lot of cocoa, and but you didn't know how to get them neither, and so guys would take apart their (inaudible) and get the C4. The C4 you only needed the tiniest little bit, and it heated it virtually instantaneously. You didn't have to wait. Sometimes time was -- well, time always seemed critical to young kids.

There's another story in there, but -- so --

MALE VOICE: How often did you make contact?

PATRICK FINNEGAN: We didn't -- I'm very, very thankful to say that generally speaking my EAL I was in was quiet. You know, I'm very happy to say that. I since came out, came to find out (inaudible) always been a very strong nationalist area. It was one of the few areas that really

rolls up in the Tet offensive of '68, and they got squashed pretty bad, and their whole infrastructure was kind of shot.

So by the time I got there, and I also think they were possibly protecting the colors of the 173rd at that time. They had been through some nasty things, and you know, it was just a brigade and I think we got once every Thursday at 18:00 on the wall in Washington, which is a big contribution of 56,000 over brigade, and you know, we made contact the second night I was there, but I was never in anything like what you saw in the movie, "We Were Warriors." I was never in anything that I think my brother went through. You know, (inaudible), but even with that -- even with that, we only had 25 percent casualties. Booby traps here, snipers there, friendly fire. Friendly fire does a lot of damage, and I'm not talking -- not like talking about air strikes on us. I'm talking about just miscommunication with the platoon, guys going out. You're set up for a logger, and then some of your people go off, and go off on a patrol or an ambush, and they come back, and nobody knows how to read the map, and they tell you they're coming back from the south,

and you've got movement coming in from the north.

Next thing you know, this guy I mentioned on my gun team, Benny, he shot this other guy in the platoon from typhus. Shot him in his leg. Shot him (inaudible). I hope they saved his leg. I hope they saved his life. You know, he got him in his femur -- his femoral artery, and Benny's got to live with that. Benny knows he did it, but you know, the platoon's supposed to be coming in from the other direction, and you don't know.

Closest I came to actually seeing somebody (inaudible) fire my weapon mostly I don't know what the hell I was firing at. I didn't see anything, you know. I think I heard something (inaudible). The closest I came there was one of those spotters, one of those piper cubs or whatever the Army had. I got shot down, and they only thing I ever volunteered for.

Now, we were back in the rear. We were on stand-out in the rear, and they asked some people to go out, and you know, I forget if we were looking for the pilots, looking for the plane, or what we were doing. So it was about 10, I don't know, 15 of us went out, and when we get to where, you

know, they dropped us off, and now some of us are going to stay there, and the rest of us are going to go off and do whatever we're supposed to be doing. I forget what it was. We were shot down by a 51 caliber.

So I guess by the time we got -- they dropped us off, my senses came back, and I said, "I ain't going up there. (Inaudible). I'm not going on that part of it." They got a 51 caliber, and that's (inaudible) and you know, that's not one or two guys. I mean that's, you know, I wasn't sure, but I remembered the pictures of what they're -- you know, it's a thing with shouldered harnesses on it, you know, I'll stay here, and off they go, and so I'm out on, you know, pulling my guard duty, and -- should I stop?

MALE VOICE: No, no.

PATRICK FINNEGAN: I'm pulling my guard duty, and most of the platoon is here, and I'm one of the guys that stayed back, and I'm over here pulling my guard and somebody else was -- you know, we were the outpost of this, you know, (inaudible). So all of a sudden I got movement, and I ain't supposed to be having movement, and like, you know, from the friendly's. I got movement coming in, and it's -- all of a

sudden it's there, and it's too close for me to, you know, make noise or tell anybody what's going on, and I'm getting ready, and then all of a sudden there is the movement, and I can't remember his name, Chicano guy from California, a little guy, dark, not wearing his helmet.

We didn't wear our helmets whenever we could get away with not wearing our helmets. You know, they just -- you know, it's just too -- you were up there flying around, air conditioner (inaudible), but you know, there he is, and he's dark and he's dirty, and he's little, and he ain't got a helmet, and he came very close to dying. If it was, you know, somebody a little more jittery, you know, he would have taken a couple rounds in the chest, but that's the closest came, and that's you know, just a friendly -- you know, just -- I did a (inaudible) some years back, and they asked us about the difference between us and the Vietnamese, and I said it was like putting boy scouts up against hardened guerilla fighters, and that's what it was, and these people got 20 years into the program at this time. They're the toughest.

I know I feel this way, and I talked to a lot of

other (inaudible) that feel the same way. You wound up having more admiration for the people that you were trying to kill than you had for the people that sent you there to kill them.

We just -- this is when Dewey got killed. We ran into -- we started out at company. It was one of those rare times we started out at company, and the lead -- I don't know where our platoon was in the line-up march, but we weren't in the lead, and the lead ran into something, and I remember them -- there was this tall skinny Vietnamese. They were walking away from the site, and he had been shot in the arm, and you know, we get up to where we're getting up to, and chased these three Vietnamese into this tunnel complex, and here's these three Vietnamese, and here's this company of American paratroopers surrounding them. With all that we could bring -- the Americans could bring to this situation --

MALE VOICE: I'm going to stop you right here.

[Off the record/On the record]

PATRICK FINNEGAN: My friend, Dewey, they chased him into (inaudible). They chased him up to the tunnel complex, and we got everything that an American can bring as

far as armament and materials and whatever, and these Vietnamese, they crawl up. We had ponchos over the holes. So we tracked any movement whatsoever. These guys (inaudible). They don't care that the whole United States Army is out there. That doesn't mean anything to them. They're coming up and throwing hand grenades. That's like (inaudible) a piece came out, one of the grenades hit me in the chin there. It felt like I got hit with a baseball bat, but you know, that's all it was.

Benny and the other guy by now at this point, you know, I'm still a gunner. I mean, I'm not a gunner. I'm still an ammo bearer. I wound up (inaudible), but at this point I'm still just the ammo bearer, and Benny was -- I take this first. The doc put a band-aid on it. It bled like hell. You get cut in the head or hit in the head, especially there with the humidity and your blood is thinned down, and I thought I was going to die from blood loss from this, you know, little thing that's about this long, and then it was later on in the night, and me and Benny were leaning against our packs. This is like one of the -- I don't know how many holes went into this tunnel, but we were covering like three

to four, and we're leaning against the packs, and all of a sudden a grenade.

So we jump -- we jump behind our packs. The grenade goes off, and Benny catches -- he caught a bigger piece in his back and doc came over and pulled that out and put the band-aid on it. I don't know have a heart. Benny don't have a heart. Harry, the gunner, he took a (inaudible) stick, stepped in a hole and took an old one. It wasn't infected. Whatever they infect it with it was, you know, long gone, but it went right through the flesh of his calf like about that round, pulled it out, bandaged it up. He don't have a heart.

There's a whole -- to get a Purple Heart you have to fill out the paperwork. You know, there was actually like a ticket stub. There was something that got torn and went back, and you know, and part stayed with you and part went some place else. So I mean, there's a lot of guys out there that technically deserve a -- you know, but you felt kind of, you know, very (inaudible) guys. You see down the station the bodies, and here you got something that they put a band-aid on, you know, you don't -- but I wish I had it now. More

civil service points, but you're not thinking civil service points at that time, and (inaudible) anyway.

We're throwing down canisters of CS. I think there were 64 charges in the canister. I'm not sure. I'm not sure about that. We're throwing this down the holes. They ain't giving up. They're not surrendering. We're sending people into the tunnels to get them. We're tying ropes around the people we're sending into the tunnels to get them so that we can pull the guys back out when they get shot. They never ran out of volunteers.

There was a guy by the name of Lynch. He was -- he was a company RTO. He was the RTO for the company commander. That's (inaudible). It sticks in my mind. It was like five or six guys went into these tunnels and got shot, and we pulled them back out. Lynch I believe lost his leg. I don't remember what happened to the other ones. Dewey volunteers to go in. Dewey takes a round through the back of the head. Dewey is from Georgia. It made no sense.

Then we pull out of the place. After that -- after Dewey got killed they decided okay, that's enough. Now we're just going to blow up these holes. (Inaudible) probably went

a half mile on the ground and popped out some place else anyway, you know. They turned Dewey from an E4 into a sergeant. He's on the wall as a sergeant. They give him a Silver Star. They gave the company commander, well, he was probably due for captain anyway, he got -- he became a captain. He went from first lieutenant to captain. They gave him a Silver Star. He didn't do anything but ask for the volunteers. That's all he did. He never -- he didn't endanger -- his name was Smith. Came out of the back brain. He -- you saying about people don't talk about it. You don't talk about it -- I mean, there's things you're never going to forget. There's things you're never going to forget, but there's things you are going to forget if they're not, you know, but I haven't thought about Smith in a long time. That always bothered me that, you know, they tried -- well, I (inaudible).

Harry was getting court martialled, the gunner. You wind up with boils over there. You know, a lot of people. You're not keeping yourself as clean as you should. You're body's going to change. It's just not a good -- it's not a healthy environment. Away from the war aspect, it's

not a health environment, and Harry -- a lot of guys had jungle rot, and Harry had it pretty bad, and he had refused to do something back when he was an assistant gunner. He was a big guy, Harry. He was out of Massachusetts, Arthur Clark Harrington, III. Three years at the University of California in zoology, and dropped out of college, and I think he had it with the draft. He was going to get hit and he enlisted.

So then he was in the Special Forces program. He got a GT of 110 or better. They gave him the option, you know, now the door was open for OCS Special Forces or whatever they got. So Harry's in the Special Forces, and he's going to be a medic, which I believe is a year program. I don't remember exactly. It was one of their longer programs, but being a medic in Special Forces you're damn near an emergency room doctor, you know, and you're going to be seeing things that emergency room doctors don't see, and he was nine months into that, and he got in some hassle or whatever. A (inaudible) knocked him out, and that was the end of the Special Forces, and then he wound up as a grunt and busted down in the 173rd. He was good people, Harry.

Anyway, he was getting court martialled, and I had

to go testify at his court martial, and that's right around when Dewey got killed, but a little bit after that I developed a boil on my right testicle, and it's pretty aggravating and it's looking like it's getting infected, and you know, I don't want to -- I go and I talk to the medic, the guy I told you about, Doc Villar (phonetic). Carmello Villar. Big story with Doc Villar. Big Puerto Rican kid from the Bronx, and big -- this doc is 6' 1", is a boxer, weighed about 180 when he got there. He's probably down to 150 by now, and the platoon medic was also -- the company medic was also a Puerto Rican from the Bronx. Doc was a conscientious objector. He came into the platoon, and he's not going to carry a weapon. He's not, you know, he was carrying everything he could get his hands on before too long. He stopped being a CO, and all the Puerto -- a lot of the Puerto Ricans wound up being tunnel rats because they were the little guys.

So Doc's got this whole other thing going on, you know, because he's got his Puerto Rican life he's got to live and he can't deal -- so here's this big, you know, Larry Holmes looking guy volunteering to go in the tunnels, you

know, so he can hold his head up with all the other guys from the Bronx, but anyway he got me out of the field to Cunyan (phonetic) to have this dealt with, and they took -- it was a sebaceous cyst that got infected. I thought it was a boil, but it was basically a sweat pore that plugged up and backed up and got infected, and I got this (inaudible) my right testicle and I'm here in the hospital (inaudible). That was a show, and a quick little side story there.

There's a 19-year old California surfer lurp, and he was -- I'm 21 at the time. I turned 21 right before I got to Vietnam. I turned 21 in November of '68, and got there a little bit later. I'm one of the oldest guys in my platoon. Harry was older and that was it, and I was -- half of the time (inaudible) three or four different platoon leaders at the time I was in the field, and I was older than half of them.

Anyway, this 19-year older surfer lurp got talking, and you know, I don't know if he was full of crap or what, but he was (inaudible). I mean, you could sit through the bullshit, you know, pretty easy, and you know, there was certain things that, you know, were going to be true, and

they didn't know him or didn't (inaudible). He's saying, "Have you ever killed anybody with a knife? Just sneak up on them." No. I never have. That's -- I mean, I guess I'm saying that, I mean, it's -- this guy was over the edge. You're not killing people with knives at this point, you know, to save democracy. He's (inaudible) a twisted little corner of himself, and then you know, something -- and that's something that troubles me, which you know, we shouldn't have been asked to do things. We should have never been put in these situations, you know, like Calley.

I mean, Calley had a -- Calley was another one. There was something -- something ain't right with this guy, but he never should have been put in that situation. He shouldn't have been put in command of a platoon of people, you know, and if you cross that line you're killing indiscriminately, that sounds kind of high and mighty for me to, you know, be saying it, but I don't have these ghosts that I got to carry around with, and I think a lot of that has to do with being a little bit older, and maybe being exposed -- of talking with guys that have been through things, and you know, just not having to wing at the moment I

got to wing it, you know.

Calley, anyway, so I'm leading the (inaudible) and I got -- which is in Quinyon (phonetic) and I got to come through Wonkay (phonetic) to get back to the First Battalion, and as I'm coming through Wonkay the don't -- it turns out they need somebody that can do morning reports. I'm at the 82nd Admin -- I mean for the 173rd Admin Company, but to do morning reports for the First Battalion, and again, it's the same situation. They don't have anybody showing up that knows how to do them, and I let them know I knew how to do them. So paperwork is moved around. I'm still -- and I was not assigned to the line unit as a line person, but now I'm pulled out of that job, and I'm doing morning reports in Wonkay for two of the companies of the First Battalion, the 503rd, 173rd, and this is great.

I got three hours of work tops a day. The rest of the day is my own. I got a sergeant, and E6 or maybe he was an E7 who's nominally in charge of me, but he's drunk most of the time, and as long as the job is done he could care less. I got another guy, I don't remember his name, that I'm working with. He's also getting ready to leave. He leaves.

In comes Benny O'Donnell Taylor, III. Benny served a tour also with my brother. He might have been with my brother when my brother was a company commander in the second -- or the 327th. I don't remember where Benny fit in with that, but Benny was an OSC dropout. He was actually in the program and then dropped out. Then he re-upped, and not only he's in Vietnam in the 173rd, and he was an E5 I think at that time, and it's me and Benny and the sergeant.

The sergeant goes away. Benny moves into the sergeant spot as the PSMCO for the First Battalion, and at that point, you know, there was a lot of racism going on at the time, and you know, there was a lot of Black militancy going on, and you were almost like in a transition period during those years, and you talk with guys later in the war, you know, depending upon the branch or whatever, anyway it was -- but in my platoon as a Caucasian I was a minority. A lot of Blacks. A lot of Puerto Ricans. A lot of Asians, Native Americans, you know, and I don't know. I think we all (inaudible) most White kids grow up, and a lot of that got brushed off me in Vietnam prior, during, after, and Benny --

one of the jobs we had there was as people cleared battalion on their way back to the States, they had to come through us and then go wherever they went after they cleared the 173rd. We were the place where we cleared them, and they went to, you know, different designations and went on home.

So we had a lieutenant coming through, and me and Benny got to clear him, and he's still got his sub-16. He ain't supposed to at this point in time. He should have given that up before he got to us. We said, "Lieutenant, you know, you're not supposed to have your rifle. You should have turned it in already." He said, "No. I'm going to need it for the niggers when I get back to the States," and off he went. I hadn't thought of it up to that point, and I said to Benny, I said, Benny, "I never hear you say nigger or spook or any of that stuff." He said, "I ain't gonna say nigger. I am one." "What are you talking about?" You know, this guy he's lighter skinned than I am. He's got dark hair on his head, you know, and had a tight curl to it.

We got to talking. His mom is mixed and his dad is mixed blood. He's got a sister as light as him. He's got a sister and a brother really dark, you know. So just a little

side thing. You never know who you're talking to, you know, or how things are, you know, and no matter what you think, I think everybody's got a little twinge of that racism in them, and it's human nature. It's not innately evil. It's just survival of your kind of type thing. That's how I equated it in my brain, but you know, the overt part of it I pretty much feel like I (inaudible), and I don't know if that (inaudible) Benny's estimation or not, but it certainly didn't hurt me as it came to pass later down the line, which I would like to think I was that Machiavellian, but I wasn't.

Anyway, they decided to -- the 173rd changed their base camp from Onkay (phonetic) to Quinyon, and all the people at Onkay that were pushing papers for their various battalions, now went back to their battalions. So now I'm shipped back to up (inaudible), and I'm in ES1, and I'm a clerk in ES1, and besides doing morning reports I got to type up Article 15's, summaries, courts, special courts, whatever's coming down the pike for the guys that I been in the field with, and I got to type up awards, and this is the (inaudible) that I thought it was a rarity. Since found out it wasn't.

A lieutenant colonel, a battalion commander that got back to the States without his Silver Star. Come to find out, you know, you'll be hard pressed to find out of the 173rd anyway, and I believe it's pretty much across the board in the Army, you're going to be hard pressed to find an officer -- company grade officer in the infantry who doesn't have a bronze or better with me. It was almost like an automatic. (Inaudible) grades got the silvers or better automatic.

They give me the scenario. I got to type it up. Now I'm a fix-it writer. The basic thing is he landed a C and C chopper at great personal disregard to his own safety to extract lurp team that would be in pursuit. Well, there's a Silver Star for you, and I come to find out that's -- they should have just photocopied these things off because they were looking to award, you know, what they call that, the description of the award that you're going to see a lot of, you know, lurp teams being extracted by C and C choppers.

This is where it gets weird as far as I can't do this anymore. In all honesty and for what little bit of my soul that is left, I can't sit here and do this paperwork for

them anymore. I can't type up these fraudulent awards. I can't type up disciplinary stuff against the guys I was in the field with. I can't do it. I want to go back to the field. I mean, up to this point this is probably the last thing they expected to hear out of me, but I can't stay. I got to go back to the field. It's more honest out there. At least I know what's going on, and they said, "No, no, no, no."

Well, once I got in charge of my paperwork I had -- you know, now I rectified my E1 situation and, you know, (inaudible). I wish I looked to see it. I had a meteoric rise from E1 to E4 that's, you know, it was like in no time. They said, "Well look, we're going to give you a hard 5 to stay here. Not a (inaudible) 5. We're going to give you a hard 5." You're -- I was good at it. I knew what was important. I knew what wasn't, and I knew how to get it done on time, and I said, "No, I can't. I got to go. I'm going back." That's why they sent me back to the field.

I go back to the same platoon, same gun team except now I'm the assistant gunner instead of the ammo bearer, which means I got a hundred less rounds, which is wonderful,

and one less can. I think -- I don't know if I gave you guys a picture. There's a picture of me with the guy in front of me, there's a belt of ammo, classic. You know, John Wayne crap, a belt of machine gun ammunition hanging around my neck. That's when I was the assistant gunner, but jumping back to the -- like I said, it was quiet. It had been too quiet, and you know, they give you the claymore to carry, not the clacker, the explosive part, but this don't feel right. It doesn't end. I got an empty shell. The thing has been cannibalized for all at C4, and maybe they're shooting marbles with the ball bearing, but all I got is a claymore shell.

I mean, I said, "Oh, wait a minute guys. It may be quiet out there, but I don't want to carry around a -- you know, I want to carry around something I want to, you know, this ain't right," and we just -- it was -- this is only from like a February to a early May. There's only like a two-month gap, and it was like a whole different world of what was going on out there, and they started an NCO academy because they were running out of sergeants, and a lot of the career sergeants, the guys that were staying in the Army, a

lot of them realized this war was crap, and they weren't going to, you know, however, they weren't going out to the fields so they started -- somewhere along the line they started an NCO academy, and I step in, come back into the company, and that's who I got as a platoon sergeant in the field, some 19-year old honor graduate E6 from the NCO academy, and a brand new lieutenant from OCS, just 20 years old, and neither one of them had a clue as to what, you know, and they were in charge of my life, and they're giving me a claymore with no C4 in it, and guys are carrying, you know, what are bandoliers, seven magazines? They're carrying one bandolier of ammo and, okay, I said this ain't right and -- so then it's a lot of time goes on, and we -- I knew about the foliation. I mean it was something they did. I knew, but I'm not even sure if I knew what the word meant. I don't think I did, and I suddenly realize whatever implications were going to arise from it, but we were on this little knoll that was past the point of any vegetation, and it was a nasty odor and everybody got really -- I mean, you always had the runs to some extent. You always -- you know, your whole digestive system doesn't work right. Doesn't work like it

should. My certainly didn't, and but not everybody's -- I don't know if it was just that spraying or what the story was, but it was that way.

I'm coming up on eight months of country, and Harry's coming up on ten months of country, and neither one of us had an R and R, and a helicopter comes in with resupply, and I said, "Harry, let's get the hell out of here," because I thought I could get away with it with who I knew in the rear, and then go ahead and did it, and then for a long time I had learned, you know, just if you think you can do it. If somebody doesn't want you to do it, they're going to jump in your face and tell you not to do it, but especially over there, there's a good chance nobody's going to say anything because they don't know what the hell's going on either.

So we both got on the helicopter and went back and pulled the strings. Next thing you know we're off to Bangkok, and that was something else. That was -- I mean, this is right when they landed on the moon time, that July of '69, and you know, it's -- I remember getting there and the American mobs made me don't want to know about this, but the

first thing they did when you landed at your R and R place was they sent you in a little room, and an Army officer stood up in front of you and told you about the price range of the prostitution and how that coincided with your chances of catching venereal disease, and that's what happened in Bangkok, and from what I understand, that's what happened at Guala Lapor (phonetic) and it happened in Tokyo, and it happened everywhere you went.

Then they hooked you up with the cab driver that would facilitate the prostitute for you, and I don't know if you remember the movie, "Apocalypse Now," but it starts off with Martin Sheen, who was wearing a 173rd, laying on his bed (inaudible) 173rd before he goes off to kill Marlon Brando. He's laying in a bed in a room in Saigon with the fan going all over it because you just kind of -- that's what Bangkok was to me.

I mean, I got the prostitute because you're supposed to get the prostitute, but I didn't keep the woman for the week. I'd rather buy women. I don't want to rent them. I'd like to keep them, but you know, I just -- you know, it's -- the R and R, it was like a, you know, a chance

to catch your breath, you know, think about how am I doing, what's going on. You know, it's -- R and R ended, I come back, and now we're talking.

It's about the 27th of July '69, and my normal ETS is the 31st of July. I went in the first of August '66. Here it is the 27th of July '69, and I get normal ETS except I got five months pay at the time. You know, I got five months of stockade that I got to make up.

Well, that was from their point of view. My point of view was I gave you three years to kill me. The three years up, and you may not have thought I was in the Army for those five months in the stockade, but I served it when I was in the Army, and I told them I'm not pushing your papers. I'm not going back to the field. "You're going, bah, bah, bah." They only gave me one general court martial. Do whatever you got to do. I'm not doing it. I'm not going to be in the (inaudible). You know, I heard enough about guys, you know, they extend for whatever reason. They get killed that first day. I gave you three years. They're three years, and they were going out to the field the next day, and they were going to be out past my normal ETS. I'm not going

to be there. You guys can be there. I'm not going to be. (Inaudible) and they hollered and moan and groan in it, and Benny O'Donnell Taylor, III, BS NCO at this time, and now he's up to E7 -- Benny did pretty good by himself too with -- a BS NCO is supposed to be an E7, and you know, he had enough time and he went to E6, E7.

They made him battalion librarian, and for what it was worth, and they had a room about this big with about 1,500 paperbacks, and nobody ever came to read, and part of my job was also to show movies that the guys when they were in from the field, but the film wouldn't show up on time. A bulb would break, you know. That rarely happened that I showed it to the larger audience, these (inaudible) they'll get all over you. "Hey, fuck you guys. I'm sorry the movie doesn't work right, you know. Go back."

What I would do is when my guys, my platoon was in from the field we would show it on the wall (inaudible) this room, a library room, and it was up on this little (inaudible), and you could show 35 millimeter in this format, and you got clarity. I mean, this is a beautiful picture, and I wound up being called the fool on the hill, and my Army

career went off in another direction, and they were just happy -- not happy because now I'm starting to talk about "What are we doing here?" You know, they were happy to have me (inaudible) down there. The library's over there. Let's get him over there. Ain't worth court martialling. That's going to be a pain in the ass because he found out that if you apply for CO status while you're in the field you got to pull up for six months to evaluate. We don't want him spreading that around. We're just going to stick him up there.

Then I run into this guy who was leaving, this lunatic. I can't remember his name. It might have been Johnson. He might have been the lunatic before I became the lunatic there, and he turns me onto this book, "Leo Tolstoy's Writings on Civil Disobedience and Non-Violence." Now every five pages I'm running down to S1, "You got to read this," and it's just -- just craziness.

The engineers -- like I had to -- the engineers had running water. They had showers. They had showerheads. They had boilers. They had running water. We had to hump -- when we came in from the field we had to fill up five gallon

pails, climb it up a ladder, dump it in this thing, let the sun heat it if you wanted to wait that long, and then (inaudible), you know, but these guys were militant about their showers, and I became a shower commando. I had to -- because I'm not humping water up a ladder and waiting two hours. So I'm sneaking into their showers every day, and I'm not even wearing boots anymore. You know, it's -- it just -- it's hard to explain.

You know, people that were never in the military or certainly never in Vietnam and never in these little outlying posts, you know, "That couldn't have been. Yeah. It could have been and it was. It was -- I mean, when we went to the bigger camps they took our weapons away from us. They didn't want to let us walk around with weapons at (inaudible). What are you kidding me? You're not going anywhere near civilized people with an M-16, you know, and that's how I finished out.

Then my brother he writes -- I had been writing him (inaudible). The casualty -- we used to get the casualty reports because that was part of what to enter in the morning report, the WIA's, the KIA's. You had to add that in, because now this person's status has changed, and WIA you're

either just going to get a heart out of it or else he's off to the hospital.

So my brother, we're writing back and forth, and he's been thinking about getting out, but his opportunities, he barely -- same as me, barely got out of high school. Even though he's an officer, you know, nobody's really jumping to hire a leftover Airborne Infantry captain, and you know, he's reaching that break point, but he's got the ten years, and you know, what I am going to do, and he's still a young guy. He's only 27 or so, and you know, he's having (inaudible), but then he decides he's going to end his life.

I got to go down to the funeral with (inaudible) father-in-law later today. His wife wants him out. She's a woman that needs a man around, and she's tired of him hopping back and forth. He just keeps getting shot anyway, and you know, every time he comes back he's more damaged, and the casualty report comes in and it was -- I think it was the Third Battalion, and it was a platoon for (inaudible), and it goes down. It's like 25, 26 guys. You want to stop for a bit? And it's every one of them. I don't know if you ever --

MALE VOICE: (Inaudible).

PATRICK FINNEGAN: (Inaudible).

MALE VOICE: (Inaudible).

PATRICK FINNEGAN: A casualty report like let's say it's a KIA, it would be KIA, and then it gives what happened, and for like a gunshot it's a GSW, and then it says where and the body, you know, GSW, WIA, shrapnel. I forget what the shrapnel letters were, but anyway, this -- the other letters stick in my mind. I'm going down and it's a whole platoon, private so and so, sergeant, lieutenant, staff sergeant, KIA, GSW hit, GSW hit, GSW hit, the whole platoon. You know, the story comes out (inaudible). You know, you could envision it, you know. Thankfully, never anything close happened to me, but you know, I use this analogy. I peaked through the door. You know, these guys peaked through the door and jumped into the room, you know, but if I peak through the door I see what's in the room, and that's good enough, and the whole platoon they mortared, grenaded, and then the Vietnamese just swept through. You know, some of them were already dead. The rest of them were wounded. Some (inaudible) and the Vietnamese just come through and pop a

hole in the head. The whole platoon's wiped out except one guy crawled over to the bushes, and they found him three days later. When they got out there they found him.

So you know, this is stuff that's, you know, militarily confidential. That's not the right word, but anyway, I sent it back to my brother. I said, "Dennis, what are you doing? Why are you coming over here? This shit is still happening. You don't want to be (inaudible)," and this is back in April or so, but you know, he's on his -- he's -- he wants to be a colonel. He wants to be a general, and he's got to have that combat command time that he's coming back.

So while I'm the battalion librarian I get a letter from him. I forget if the letter said, "I'm leaving the States," or the letter was as soon as he got there, you know, and he landed down south, and he's going up to (inaudible) to take over company commander at (inaudible), and so I (inaudible) what's this thing? I told him to stay home. He didn't stay home. He's here. (Inaudible), and you know, Benny, he'd write up the paperwork, whatever I needed. I'm taking that with me, and I got my passes, and I go to Bakay (phonetic) and then to Quinyon, and then I think out of there

-- no, may I flew right out of Doktay, Dnang (phonetic). I don't remember how I get up to Lake Foo By (phonetic), but I (inaudible), and then I landed somewheres.

I didn't land at Lake Foo By. I landed somewhere south of there and then went the rest of the way by truck, and I hooked up with my brother at -- I think it might have been E Company Second 327th. I'm not sure. It might have been either 502. I don't -- I don't remember, but I got myself a set of jungle fatigues and I got my 173rd (inaudible) and my CID.

I hook up with Dennis. I bought a camera. Benny wanted me to buy a camera. Benny wanted a camera. He wanted me to buy it. I said, "Well look, I'll buy it, but I want to take some pictures." My camera, I forget, I guess I lost it or -- I don't know what happened to it at that point. I didn't have it anymore or I would have had my own camera. So I bought Benny's camera at the big PX some place along the line, and had some pictures taken with me and my brother. I had trouble getting the film out and I exposed all the film, so I never had those pictures, but my brother had taken over the (inaudible) Tomahawk, and this place has just been

overrun like a month before, and it was a National Guard unit activated out of Bardstown, Kentucky.

This is -- I mean, I knew the basics of it then. This is stuff I pieced together afterwards. I got a wall of Vietnam books, and I've read most of them. Some of them I've read more than once because I got back and I said to myself I got to find out what the hell happened. How did I wind up 12,000 miles away from my home humping machine gun ammunition up and down mountains in a tropical rain forest trying to kill little brown rice farmers who live in houses made out of vegetation? I don't know what the hell happened or how it happened to me. I got to find out, and I started reading on Vietnam and got into America's (inaudible) policies, the old China (inaudible). I'm going to college, and all I want is history. Well, you got to matriculate. I don't even know what that word means, so what do you mean I got to do that? Well, you got to take this. No, I don't want to take that. I got no reason to want to take that. I just want to take history.

I wound up with an old China (inaudible) as a history teacher down in Nassau Community College. He was a

Marine. I forget his name, but anyway, I since found about it. Bardstown, Kentucky was like the largest -- when they got overrun, had like 16 KIA's or whatever, that was it. It was a substantial number, and it devastated this town in Kentucky, and it was the largest National Guard hit of the whole Vietnam war, and my brother stepped in, and he's an ex-company commander of this unit, what's left of it, and they've been reformed and fleshed out from wherever they got people from, and Dennis, you know, from the writing back and forth they knew where my head was going on the whole war, and they told me, "Look, you know, keep it to yourself. These guys are not happy to begin with. The last thing they need is to hear something from you. In fact, don't leave the bunker. Just (inaudible)," and I was happy to see him, and so you know, that's (inaudible).

I left and I went back and I'm waiting around for the paperwork, and you know, it seems like it's taking forever, and finally comes through, you know, so I'm (inaudible) go back to (inaudible) base camp, and wait for some more paperwork, then wait for a flight and then go home, and so I'm going to clear country and clear the base camp,

and you couldn't have your mustache below your lip line (inaudible). Your mustache looks like it may have grown a little bit since your -- so I got an M-79 at this point. When I got out of the field they took the 16, but I kept an M-79 in my little room in the library, and I had a reputation of being, you know, not the tightest wrapped person, so now I'm walking around with my papers with M-79 and a high explosive round.

So they finally sign off everything, and off I go to Quinyon. I get to Quinyon, and there was a guy that had been in my platoon. When I got there in January, Jessie, he's out of Texas, Jessie Minnix (phonetic), he finished his tour up maybe around in March or April, and then he took a thirty-day leave and extended, and now he's the lifeguard at the brigade swimming pool in Quinyon.

So you know, once again, I know what I can get away with and what I can't get away with, and I'm not staying in the barracks pulling KP and picking up cigarette butts and doing this other crap. I'm hanging out with Jessie and I'm swimming every day waiting for my final papers to come through, and they finally do, and off I go and I take off,

and I land at Fort Lewis, and I'm fully -- I still got at this point, not quite three months, but close to three, two months of their time left, and you're always told, if you got a bad time you're pulling every day of it. The (inaudible) don't count for bad time. You got bad time, you're pulling bad time. I didn't care. You know, I'm trying to skate. I don't think I'm going to know anybody in this situation, but I'm going to try and skate as much as I can, but if I got to pull KP for two months and then get out of the Army, fine. I'd rather do that on the west coast of the United States than the east coast of Asia, and I'm going through the line and I'm doing this and doing that.

Next thing I know I walk out the door, and I think I'm out of the Army. I'm pretty sure I'm out of the Army, and like I said, I had given myself 45 days leave when I left Bragg, so there was no way I was going to accumulate 45 days leave, and I got my last pay stub and it says on it, "Unsatisfactorily in debt," but they had to give me enough money to fly home, which they did, and you could always make a little bit on that because you get the half fare for the uniform and their travel mileage is, you know, they gave me

like $194. I forget what it cost me to get home, but I had a little bit left over.

My parents didn't know I was coming home, and I came into Kennedy, landed about midnight, 1:00 in the morning, and I took a cab. I lived about seven miles from Kennedy, and knocked on the door, you know. Well, first I went to the local bar, and you know, with my uniform, hung out with some of my friends. Then I went home and knocked on the door. They'd lock at night. Scared the -- you know, scared them. Scared me. That was that. That was the end of the Army.

Then I started going -- I'm jumped into school the first semester, that January of '70, and jumped right into Vets for Peace, and they weren't confrontational enough for me, and I couldn't find VBAW, Vietnam Veterans Against the War on the east coast. It seemed like they were all on the west coast. When you got out to the west coast, they seemed like they were all in the east, but I ran into them on the west coast.

I went to school when that Kent State happened that Spring of '70 and all the colleges closed down, and I was

just outraged. I felt I had been used. I felt -- not just me, all of us, and like I said before about bait, of course, that's all we were was bait. We don't give a thought to it. Like I'm saying, I'm carrying 400 rounds for this machine gun, and the other ammo bearer's got 400 rounds. That's 800. The assistant gunner's got 300, 350. So now we're up to 1,150 -- 1,100, 1,150, and the gunner's got maybe 2. So tops we got 1,400 rounds for a weapon that puts out close to 700 rounds a minute.

So for all this agony we're putting on our bodies, if the shit hits the fan we don't have three minutes of bullets. So what are we -- we're certainly not there for a prolonged battle. We're there so, you know -- we're just there to start. We're there to sucker punch the guy to start the barroom brawl, and that's the only way I can think of it, and I never been reluctant to talk about it, and I don't feel I'm not patriotic either. I always felt used. I always felt used.

I mean, granted I could have been a better soldier, but I don't think I was that bad a one either. Actually I developed -- I got a chance to meet the vice president of

Vietnam back in 1982 once I got this piece together, and I go to Manhattan up to that point, and I wrote my own apology. I handwrote one. I wrote my own apology to the people of Vietnam for waging war against them, and I had an opportunity to present it to (inaudible), the vice president, vice premier at the time, and he was very gracious about it, and I never -- you know, people "Oh, you got to hate them. They killed your brother." No. I don't hate -- I don't even hate the guy that fired the missile that killed my brother, you know, and I'm supposed to hate this guy for defending his own land? If anything, I hate the people that made -- caused the economic situation (inaudible).

One of the last letters my brother writes home, and I got it somewhere, and he says in it -- he says to my parents, he says, "You know, maybe Pat isn't wrong. You know, he started to have his own questions," and I got a stack of pictures. You know, I brought some pictures in of my brother. When I got the pictures my brother took, and I -- you know, there's pictures, you know, of guys standing up, bodies like it's an African safari, and you know, they got ears and they got -- there was a guy, a good friend of mine,

another old side story. I won't his mention his name.

He wore a finger. He wore a finger around his neck, and his debate was whether he was going to eat it or not, whether he was going to go into that cannibal realm, but he wore it. It was like a dried up looking cheese doodle. Anyway, he was soldier of the month, and he was going back to the States and Dewey was going to the 82nd. I wrote back to the people I knew at the 82nd. I'd forgotten all about this stuff. I wrote back to the people I knew in the 82nd and I told them, "Look out for this guy when he shows up, you know. If you can do anything for him, do something for him." You know, he was a pretty good guy, you know. He was a young guy, and I didn't think any -- this is where it -- I mean, when you don't think something bad wearing a finger around his neck, you gone through the looking glass. There's something different going on here, and so anyway, I wrote back, and this guy left, and I never thought nothing about it afterwards.

When I went down to the dedication of the wall in Washington, I went to the 173rd hospitality suite, and I signed my name, and ever since then I get these 173rd

organization booklets, and you know, their mailings, and they have a locator thing in there. So I always look. I never see anybody from my unit. I see this guy, and it says where he is and I look it all up, and I call. He's a lawyer.

I call him up and he can't thank me. What do you -- when he got to Bragg the guys I knew at Bragg, Flamden (phonetic) got him out of that whole thing. They were just starting the 82nd Airborne Museum at Bragg. They turn him into the curator. He's got nothing to do because paratroopers are not -- you know, they're at the bars. They're not at the museum. They're at the Dew Drop Inn, you know, and they're (inaudible). They're not looking at -- he's got nothing to do all day. He starts going to college while he's at Bragg, and you know, he goes on and becomes a lawyer and he's thanking me for all this.

I didn't even -- you know, I just looked. I saw his name. I had forgot that I had even set him up. You know, so I got a lawyer if I ever need one. I hope I don't, but I got myself involved with Vietnam Veterans Against the War, and I don't know if you know the name, Ron Kovick (phonetic), born on the 4th of July. I traveled across the

country with him. I was in the San Francisco contingent of VVAW. He was in the Los Angeles contingent, and actually I think it started with Redwood City, and then we came down to Los Angeles, and we went across US 10, across the southern part that we (inaudible) '72 in Miami, and a group came out of Boston and (inaudible) the office, and some came out of Chicago, and we all met in Jacksonville and went on down to Miami and there was -- we barely got reported in the Miami paper let alone anywhere else. I mean, you control the media. You can control -- you really can't control what people.

If you don't -- you know, there were a thousand people arrested down there. Nobody knows about this. Everybody knows about Chicago, and they learned their lesson in Chicago. They just shut down the media for Miami so nobody hears about it.

There was a group of us. We went out to the -- we went out to the stadium out on the Keys. There was a Young Republicans for Nixon rally. We went out there in jungle fatigues and toy M-16's. We were going to do (inaudible) theater, and we got a flatbed truck, and so we were all

there. I don't know why we thought they were going to let us in, but we thought they would, and they didn't.

When we got there they said, "You guys ain't coming in," so they turned us around and sent us back on the causeway back to Miami. Well, we don't get too far and we get pulled over, and supposedly for a faulty tail light, which wasn't the case. Then we looked and we got to get off the truck. Then as soon as we got off the truck, we got arrested for being pedestrians on the causeway, and down in Miami they (inaudible).

There's a video. This whole thing was filmed, not that aspect of it, but the whole VVAW thing was filmed, and it was called "The Last Patrol," or we called it "The Last Patrol" until the documentary was called "The Last Patrol," and in that "Last Patrol" they mentioned a guy by the name of Jack McCloskey (phonetic), who's since died. Mentioned about how seven of the brothers were arrested last night, and that was us, but part of that "Last Patrol," footage of that was lifted and then reenacted by Tom Cruise for the movie, "Born on the Fourth of July." So "The Last Patrol" is the real Glenn Kovick, and the "Born on the Fourth of July" is

Hollywood's Glenn Kovick or Tom Cruise, but Tom Cruise was phenomenal.

Ron got into the convention hall. I was just talking with a lady the other day and she was telling me about the Vietnam veterans getting spit on. I said "I don't know about that. I never got spit on," and I've heard it so much, and you know, if you scraped all that spit, you'd probably fill a little lake. I don't know of anybody that would spit on.

Kovick and another guy, Bob Muller, I don't know if you know Bob -- a guy named Bob Muller, founder of the Vietnam Veterans of America. Remember a couple years ago there was a woman who won the Nobel Peace Prize having to do with land mine issues? That was Bob's organization. It was through Bobby that I got the -- meet the Vietnamese. We used to get invited down to the Vietnamese when they opened their mission each year down in Manhattan before they got full membership in the UN. That's another (inaudible).

Being from that area that was a good (inaudible) and being from the area I was supposed to be the navigator. He'll get us there, and it's an open bar. Oh, my God. I

never been to an open bar. I never been to a situation where there was an open bar, and they got shrimp and they got this. They had everything. I don't know if it was the time I gave the vice premier my apology or one of the other years. I think it might have been the first year, and then the second year, okay, this was something I could do, and the apology was I think the second year, but they had an open bar. I knocking down the rums and Cokes, eating the shrimp, and you know, so we're driving back. I'm not navigating too well, and now we're lost somewhere on the Major Deegan in the Bronx, and all the guys, I got to pull over. You got to pull over. Unless you want to look and smell a lot of puke, you got to pull over.

So they pull over and they open up the door. We're on, you know, an expressway in a lane we ain't supposed to be in, certainly not stopped. I don't know this. A trooper pulls up. Now there's a trooper standing next to me, "What are you doing here? What are you doing?" "What the hell do you think I'm doing?" I threw up all over his shoes, and then the other guys they were in the van. I said, "Officer, you know," -- wave the veteran flag. We were allowed to get

out of there. (Inaudible) trouble, but I thought it was interesting.

MALE VOICE: Well, we're at the end of this tape. Thank you very much for the interview.

PATRICK FINNEGAN: You're welcome.

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